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By . R. Egerton Warburton



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JOHN AND MARTHA DANIELS

HUNTING SONGS,

&c.



JOSEPH MAIDEN.

Lithog. by T. M. Crann, Chester.

HUNTING SONGS,

BALLADS, &c.

BY

R. E. E. W.—ESQ.

WITH

ILLUSTRATIONS.

*Si cornibus cecideris,
Nempe non te fallant canini sub vulpe latentes.*

HORACE.



CHESTER:

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CHESTER :

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Two gentlemen hunt on a park.

known as the old pack.

THE WOORE COUNTRY.

I.

Now summer's dull season is over,
Again we behold the glad pack,
And Wicksted appearing at cover,
Comes mounted on Mercury's back.
He calls them all to him in turns,
Admiring the make of each limb;
And joyfully shaking their sterns,
They acknowledge their fondness for him.

II.

With a body than adamant stouter,
Tho' with scarce a whole bone in his skin,
Now hark to the old out-and-outer,
"Lee in, little dearies, lee in."
How eagerly forward they rush,
In a moment how widely they spread;
Hare at him there, Hotspur, hush! hush!
'Tis a find, or I'll forfeit my head.

3.

Fast flies the fox away—faster
 The hounds from the cover are freed ;
 The horn to the mouth of the master,
 The spur to the flank of his steed :
 For oft be it known, at a cop,
 With labour old Mercury springs ;
 Since Time has been pleased to lop
 This four-footed god of his wings.

4.

Now the muse if you civilly treat her,
 Shall mention each rider by name ;
 There's Broughton, call'd commonly Peter,
 A good-one they say, at the game ;
 There's Hammond, from Wistaston bringing
 All the news of the neighbouring shore,
 There's Fitzherbert, renown'd for his singing,
 There's Dorfold's invincible Squire.

is.

Few Sportsmen so gallant, if any,
 Did Woore ever send to the chase ;
 Each dingle for him has a cranny,
 Each river a fordable place.
 He knows the best line from each cover,
 He knows where to stand for a start ;
 And long may he live to ride over
 The country he loves in his heart.

6.

There's Henry, that purple-clad Vicar,
So earnestly plying the steel ;
Conductor conducting him quicker,
Each prick from his reverend heel.
Were my life to depend on the wager,
I know not which brother I'd back ;
The Vicar, the Squire, or the Major,
The purple, the pink, or the black.

7.

On a thorough bred tit there's a hunsier,
Ne'er known o'er a country to flag ;
The name of the man is John Crewe, sir,
And Ajax the name of the nag.
There's Aquilato's Baromet, Boughoy,
Whose eye still on Wicksted is cast :
Should the fox run till midnight, I know he
Will stick by his friend to the last.

8.

There's Ferl, to whose care of the gorse,
The Cheshire owe many a run,
The Boy that can handle four horses,
Or ride o'er a country on one.
When they lay this good fellow the tomb in,
He shall not be mock'd with a bust,
But the favourite evergreen blooming,
Shall spring and o'ershadow his dust.

9.

With Chorister, Concord, and Chorus,
 Now Chantress commences her song,
 Now Bellman goes jingling before us,
 And Sinbad is sailing along.
 Old Wells closely after them cramming,
 His soul quite absorb'd in the fun ;
 Continues unconsciously damning
 Their dear little hearts as they run.

10.

While together they race neck and neck,
 O'er follows all tainted with hare ;
 If by chance they should come to a check,
 Poor Charley trots up in despair.
 " Hold hard there, hold hard there, now pray do,
 Friends, gentlemen, all o'er the scent ;
 You know not what mischief you may do,
 Believe me, 'twas here that he went."

11.

One moment for breathing we tarry,
 One cast and they hit it anew ;
 Ye gods ! what a head they now carry,
 And see now they run him in view.
 More eager for blood at each stroke,
 Now Vengeance and Vulpicide rush
 Poor Renard, he thinks it no joke,
 Hearing Joker so close at his brush.



12.

See, Soldier prepared for the brunt,
Hark, Champion's challenge I hear;
While Victory leads them in front,
And Harcock pursues in the rear.
Whoo-hoop, there's an end of the scurry.
Now Charley with might and with main,
First dances, then shouts "worry, worry."
Then shouts, and then dances again.

13.

A fig for your Leicestershire swells !
While Wicksted such sport can ensure ;
Long life to that varmint old Wells !
Success to the country of Woore !
Let Statesmen on politics parley,
Let Heroes go fight for renown ;
While I've health to go hunting with Charley,
I envy no Monarch his crown.

QUÆSITUM MERITIS.

1.

A *CLUB* of good fellows, we meet once a year,
When the leaves of the forest grow yellow and scar :
By the motto that shines on each glass, it is shown,
We pledge in our cups the deserving alone :
Our glass a *quæsitum*, ourselves *Cheshire* men,
May we fill it and drink it again and again.

2.

We hold in abhorrence all *vulpicide* knaves,
With their gins, and their traps, and their *velvetreen* slaves,
They may feed their fat pheasants, their *foxes* destroy,
And mar the prime sport they themselves can't enjoy ;
But such sportsmen as these we good fellows condemn,
And I vow we'll ne'er drink a *quæsitum* to them.

3.

That man of his *wine* is unworthy indeed,
Who grudges to mount a poor fellow in need ;
Who keeps for naught else, save to purge 'em with balls,
Like a dog in a manger, his nags in their stalls :
Such *siggards* as these we good fellows condemn,
And I vow we'll ne'er drink a *quæsitum* to them.



Some never pull up when a friend gets a job

4.

Some riders there are, who too jealous of place,
Will fling back a gaze in their next neighbour's face;
Some never pull up when a friend gets a fall,
Some ride over friends, hounds, and horses, and all;
Such riders as these no good fellows condemn,
And I vow we'll ne'er drink a quæsitum to them.

5.

For coffee-house gossip some hunters come out,
Of all matters prating, save that they're about;
From scandal and cards they to politics roam,
They ride forty miles, head the fox, and go home;
Such sportsmen as these we good fellows condemn,
And I vow we'll ne'er drink a quæsitum to them.

6.

Since one fox on foot more diversion will bring,
Than twice twenty thousand cock pheasants on wing
That man we all honour, whate'er be his rank,
Whose heart heaves a sigh when his gorse is drawn blank
Quæsitum! Quæsitum! fill up to the brim,
We'll drink, if we die for't, a bumper to him.

7.

Oh! give me that man to whom naught comes amiss,
One horse or another, that country or this;
Through fall and bad starts who undauntedly still
Rides up to this motto:—'be with 'em I will.'
Quæsitum! Quæsitum! fill up to the brim,
We'll drink, if we die for't, a bumper to him.

8.

Oh ! give me that man who can ride through a run,
Nor engross to himself all the glory when done ;
Who calls not each horse that o'ertakes him a screw,
Who loves a ram best, when a friend sees it too !
Quæsitum ! Quæsitum ! fill up to the brim,
We'll drink, if we die for't, a bumper to him.

9.

Oh ! give me that man who himself goes the pace,
And whose table is free to all friends of the chase ;
Should a spirit so choice in this woe world be seen,
He rides you may swear in a collar of green :
Quæsitum ! Quæsitum ! fill up to the brim,
We'll drink, if we die for't, a bumper to him.



OLD OULTON LOWE.

1.

Bad luck to the Country ! the clock had struck two,
We had found na'er a fox in the gorses we drew ;
When each heart felt a thrill at the sound, " Tally-Ho,"
Once more a view holla from old Oulton Lowe !

2

Away like a whirlwind toward Calveley Hall,
For the first thirty minutes Pug laugh'd at us all ;
Our nags cured of kicking, ourselves of conceit,
Ere the laugh was with us, we were most of us heat.

3.

The Willington mare, when she started so fast,
Ah ! we little thought then that the race was her last ;
Accurst be the stake that was stain'd with her blood ;
But why cry for spilt milk ?—May the next be as good !

4.

'Twas a sight for us all, worth a million, I swear,
To see the Black Squire how he rode the black mare.
The meed that he merits, the Muse shall bestow ;
First, foremost, and fittest from old Oulton Lowe !

5.

How Delanere went, it were useless to tell,
To say he was out, is to say he went well :
A rider so skilful ne'er buckled on spur
To rule a rash horse, or to make a screw stir.

6.

The odds are in fighting that Britain beats France,
In the chase, as in war, we must all take our chance.
Little Ireland kept up, like his namesake the nation,
By dint of " coercion " and great " agitation."

7.

Cheer'd on by the Maiden who rides like a man,
Now Victor and Bedford are seen in the van ;
He screech'd with delight as he wip'd his hot brow,
" Their bristles are up ! Sir ! they're hard at him now."

8.

In the pride of his heart, then the Manager cried,
 "Come on little Rowley boy: why dont you ride?"
 How he chuckled to see the long tail in distress,
 As he gave her the go-by on bonny brown Bess.

9.

The Baron from Hanover hollow'd, "whoa-whoa,"
 While he thought on the Lion that eat him half up,
 Well pleas'd to have hark'd the wild beast of his dinner,
 He was up in his stirrups, and rode like a winner.

10.

Oh! where 'mid the many found wanting in speed,
 Oh! where and oh! where was the Wistaston steed?
 Dead bent! still his rider so lick'd him and prick'd him,
 He thought (well he might) 'twas the Devil that kick'd him.

11.

The Gestrion chestnut show'd symptoms of blood,
 For it flow'd from his nose ere he came to the wood.
 Where now is Dulgosh? Where the racer from Da'enham?
 Such fast ones as these! what mishap has e'er ta'en 'em?

12.

Two gentlemen met, both wakers'd, in a lane,
(Fox-hunting on foot is but labour in vain.)
"Have you seen a brown horse?" "No, indeed Sir, but pray,
In the course of your ramble have you seen a grey?"

13.

As a London coal-heaver might pick up a peer,
Whom he found in the street, with his head rather queer,
So Dobbin was loosed from his work at the plough,
To assist a proud hunter, stuck fast in a slough.

14.

I advocate "movement" when shewn in a horse,
But I love in my heart a "conservative" gorse.
Long life to Sir Philip! we'll drink ere we go,
Old times! and old Cheshire! and old Oulton Lowe!



THE OLD BROWN FOREST.

1.

Brown Forest of Marn! whose bounds were of yore
From Kellsborrow's Castle outstretch'd to the shore :
Our fields and our hamlets afforested then,
That thy beasts might have covert—unhous'd were our men.

2.

Our King the first William, Hugh Lupus our Earl—
Then poaching I ween was no sport for a churl :
A noose for his neck who a snare should contrive,
Who skinn'd a dead buck was himself flay'd alive !

3.

Our Normandy nobles right dearly, I trow,
They loved in the forest to bend the yew bow .
The Knight doff'd his armour, the Abbot his hood,
To wind the blythe horn in the merry green wood.

4.

In right of his hagle and greyhounds, to seize
Waif, pannage, agistment and windfallen trees,
His knaves through our forest Ralph Kingsley dispersed,
Bow-bearer in chief to Earl Randle the first.

5.

This horn the Grand Forester wore at his side
When'er his liege lord chose a hunting to ride :
By Sir Ralph and his heirs for a century blown,
It passed from their lips to the mouth of a Dane.

6.

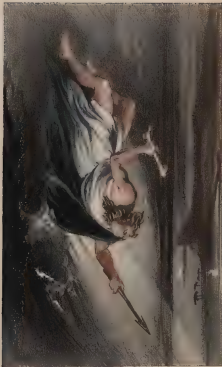
Oh ! then the proud falcon, unloosed from the glove,
Like her master below, play'd the tyrant above :
While faintly, more faintly, were heard in the sky,
The silver-toned bells as she darted on high.

7.

Then roused from sweet slumber, the ladie high-born,
Her palfrey would mount at the sound of the horn :
Her palfrey uptoss'd his rich trappings in air,
And neigh'd with delight such a burden to bear.

8.

Versed in all woodcraft and proud of her skill,
Her charms in the forest seem'd lovelier still ;
The Abbot rode forth from the abbey so fair,
Nor loved the sport less when a bright eye was there.



THE CLINIC OF THE CLINIC

9.

Thou Palatine prophet ! whose fame I recover,
 (Woe be to that bard who speaks ill of a sere)
 Forewarn'd of thy fate as our legends report,
 Thou wert born in a forest and clann'd in a court.

10.

Now goading thine oxen, now urging again
 Fierce monarchs to battle on Bosworth's red plain :
 A foot with two heels, and a hand with three thumbs :
 Good luck to the land when this prodigy comes !

11.

Steeds shall by hundreds seek masters in vain,
 Till under their bellies the girths rot in twain :
 'Twill need little skill to interpret this dream,
 When o'er the brown forest we travel by stream !

12.

Here hunted the Scot whom too wise to show fight,
 No war save the war of the woods could excite :
 His learning, they say, did his valour surpass,
 Though a hero when armed with a *couteau de chasse*.

13.

Ah ! then came the days when to England's disgrace,
 A King was her quarry, and warfare her chase :
 Old Nell for their huntsman ! a puritan pack !
 With psalms on their tongues—but with blood in their track

14.

Then Charlie our King was restor'd to his own,
And again the blythe horn in the forest was blown,
Steeds from the desert then cross'd the blue wave
To contend on our turf for the prizes he gave.

15.

Ere Blucecap and Wanton taught fox-hounds to skurry,
With music in plenty—Oh! where was the hurry?
When each nag wore a crupper, each Squire a pigtail;
When our toast, the brown forest, was drunk in brown ale.

16.

The days that came next were the days of strong sport,
A toil then was hunting, and drinking a sport:
Beneath the red bumpers at midnight they reel'd,
And day-break beheld them again in the field.

17.

As they crossed the Old Pale with a wild fox in view,
Ware hole! was a caution then heeded by few:
Oppos'd by no cops, by no fences confined,
O'er whinbush and heather they swept like the wind.

18.

Behold! in the soil of our forest once more,
The sapling takes root as in ages of yore,
The oak of old England with branches outspread,
The pine tree above them uprearing its head.

19.

Where 'twixt the whalebones the widow sat down,
Who forsook the Black forest to dwell in the brown :
There, where the flock on sweet herbage once fed,
The blackcock takes wing, and the fox-cub is bred.

20.

This timber the storms of the ocean shall weather,
And sail o'er the waves as we sailed o'er the heather ;
Each plant of the forest, when launched from the stacks,
May it run down a foeman as we do a fox !



TARPORLEY HUNT,

1833.

1.

When without verdure the woods in November are,
Then to our collars their green is transferred;
Racing and chasing the sports of each member are,
Come then to Tarporley booted and spurred :
 Holding together, Sir,
 Scorning the weather, Sir,
 Like the good leather, Sir,
 Which we put on :
 Quæsitum meritis !
 Good fun how rare it is !
 I know not where it is,
 Save at the Swan.

2.

Lo ! there's a Maiden whose sweet disposition is
Bent, like Diana's of old, on the chase ;
Joy to that sportsman whose horse in condition is
Able and willing to go the best pace :



Racers are sweating now,
 Owners are fretting now,
 Stable boys betting now,
 France! ten to one:
Quæsitum meritis, &c.

3.

Lo! where the forest turf covers gentility,
 Foremost with glory and hindmost with mud;
 Now let the President prove his ability,
 Umpire of speed, whether cocktail or blood:
 Go-by and Adelside,
 Though they were saddled,
 Led forth and straddled,
 Judge there was none!
Quæsitum meritis, &c.

4.

How with due praise shall I sing the Palatinate,
 Able with Presidents filling our chair;
 The Greys and the Leghs, and the Brookes that have sat in it,
 Toasting our bumpers and drinking their share?
 Each Squire and each Lord, Sir,
 That meets at our board, Sir,
 Were I to record, Sir,
 I ne'er should have done:
Quæsitum meritis, &c.

5.

" *Some superbiam quesitum meritis,*"

Shades of Sir Peter and Harry look down ;

Long may we good fellows, now a days merit,

Live to make merry in Tarporley town !

Fox preservation,

Throughout the whole nation,

Affords recreation,

Then pledge it each man :

Quesitum meritis !

Good fun how rare it is !

I know not where it is,

Save at the Swan.





ON THE NEW KENNEL,

ABOUT TO BE ERECTED ON DELAMERE FOREST.

MAP, 1834.

1.

We gaze with a feeling of pride on St. Paul's,
And Westminster's Abbey our glory recalls :
A pile which reminds us of England's bright days,
The nation herself should assist us to raise.

Derry down, down, down derry down.

2.

Great names in the Abbey are graven in stone,
Our kennel records them in good flesh and bone,
A Belford, a Gloster, to life we restore,
And Nelson with Victory couple once more.

Derry down, &c.

3.

Were the laws of the kennel the laws of the land,
The shilelah should drop from the Irishman's hand ;
And journeyman tailors, on " striking " intent,
Should stick to their stitching like hounds to a scent.

Derry down, &c.

4.

Ye gods ! in that house were our discipline known,
 Where they snarl at the altar and growl at the throne,
 A lash for the back of that hound who runs riot !
 One cut and O'Connell should keep his tongue quiet,
Derry down, &c.

5.

Oh ! grant ye reformers, who rule o'er us all,
 That our kennels may stand though our colleges fall,
 Our pack from long trial we know to be good,
 Grey-hounds admitted might ruin the blood,
Derry down, &c.

6.

Fond parents may dote on their pride of thirteen,
 Switch'd into latin and breech'd in nankeens !
 A puppy just enter'd a language can speak
 More sweetly sonorous than Homer's own greek,
Derry down, &c.

7.

Oh cloathe me in scarlet ! a spur on each heel !
 And guard-men may case their whole bodies in steel ;
 Lancers in battle with lancers may tilt,
 Mine be the warfare unsullied with guilt,
Derry down, &c.

8.

Gilpin ! uproot me the laurels I scorn,
 And plant me ten acres of gorse and blackthorn ;
 Though the shape of the center to zig-zag incline,
 May the fox that we find there describe a straight line !
Derry down, &c.

9.

Be mine the oak parlour, old fashion'd and neat,
Where round the free board fellow fushunters meet,
Each chorus we sing, from their kennel hard by,
The pack within hearing shall join in the cry.

Derry down, &c.



THE LITTLE RED ROVER

1.

The grey morn is flinging
Its mist o'er the lake ;
The skylark is singing
" Merry hunters awake !"
Home to the cover
Deserted by night,
The little Red Rover
Is bending his flight.

2.

Resounds the glad holla ;
The pack scents the prey ;
Man and horse follow ;
Away ! Hark, away !
Away ! never fearing,
Ne'er slacken your pace ;
What music so cheering
As that of the chase.

3.

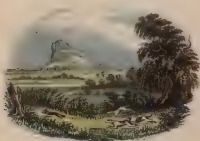
The Rover still speeding,
Still distant from home,—
Spurr'd flanks are bleeding,
And covered with foam :—



Fleet limbs extended,
Roan, chestnut, or grey ;
The burst, ere 'tis ended,
Shall try them to day.

4.

Well known is yon cover,
And crag hanging o'er ;
The little Red Rover
Shall reach it no more !
The foremost hounds near him,
His strength 'gins to droop ;
In pieces they tear him,
Whoo-hoop ! Whoo-hoop !



THE
EVER-BLOOMING EVERGREEN.

"*Dulci digna mero, non alio foribus.*"

1.

St. Patrick may stir with a sprig of shillelah
The cauldron till Paddy's potatoes are hot :
St. George wear a rose in his breast-plate so gaily ;
St. Andrew with thistle-leaves tickle the Scot :
The rose is a covert for Cupid, the thistle
Let hare-hunters whip it betimes in the morn ;
And as to their saintships, there's none that can whistle
Like merry St. Hubert a tune on the horn.

2.

'Ere the adventurers, nicknamed Plantagenet,
Buckled the helm on, their foes to dismay,
They pluck'd a broom sprig which they wore as a badge in it,
Meaning thereby they would sweep them away.
Long the genists shall flourish in story,
Green as the laurels their chivalry won :
As the broom-sprig excited those heroes to glory,
May the gorse-plant encourage our foxes to run.

3.

Held by Diana in due estimation,

Bedeck with a gorse-flower the goddess's shrine ;

Thro' the wide range of this blooming creation,

It has but one rival, and that one the vine.

Pluck me then, Bacchus, a cluster and, squeezing it,

Pour the red juice till the goblet o'erflows ;

Then in the joy of my heart will I, seizing it,

Drink to the land where this evergreen grows.



THE SPECTRE STAG,

A LEGEND OF THE RHINE.

1.

Ye youths who take to hunting,
And who love it perhaps too well,
Oh! lend an ear attentive
To the tale which I shall tell.

2.

A Baron lived in Germany,
Of old and noble race,
Whose mind was wholly bent upon
The pleasures of the chase.

3.

Thro' summer's sultry dog-days,
Thro' winter's frost severe,
This Baron's hunting season
Was twelve months in the year.

4.

From dawn till dark he hunted,
And the truth I grieve to speak,
The number of his hunting days
Was seven in the week.

5.

No lands within his seignorie
Was serf allowed to till ;
No corn-field in the valley,
No vineyard on the hill.

6.

What marvel hungry poachers,
When the Baron was a-bed,
Were bent on stealing venison,
From very lack of bread ?

7.

But woe that wretch betided,
Who in the fact was found :
On the stag he would have slaughter'd
Was his naked body bound.

8.

Borne, like Mazeppa, headlong,
From the panting quarry's back,
He saw the thirsty blood-hounds
Let loose upon his track.

9.

The pack, their prey o'ertaken,
On the mangled victims feast :
See ! mixed in one red slaughter
The blood of man and beast.

10.

The Baron thus his pastime
Pursued until he died ;
My tale shall tell how this befel
On the even of Shrovetide.

11.

The moon rose o'er the forest,
And the distant village chime
Called sinners to confession,
And bespoke a hallowed time.

12.

A loud unwonted rustling
Was heard within the brake,
The Baron, as he listened,
Felt his heart within him quake.

13.

The copse-wood parting suddenly
A fearful sight displayed,
The Baron's eyes beheld it
And he waxed the more afraid.

14.

A stag of size unearthly
Came forth, and on his back
There rode a giant huntsman
Apparell'd all in black.



15.

Their eyes unto their master
The trembling pack upcast,
The Baron's steed was motionless,
And the Baron's self aghast.

16.

"Ye curs," he cried, "why stir ye not?
A curse upon the breed—
And you, ye leitering varlets,
Where are ye in such need?"

17.

To summon then his followers,
He grasped his hunting horn,
Through the forest's deep recesses
The startling blast was borne.

18.

But borne in vain—his retinue
No note responsive gave;
And the stillness that succeeded
Seemed the stillness of the grave.

19.

His eye in terror glancing
From glade to distant crag,
Nought saw he save the spectre
Gonding on that grisly stag.

20.

The nearer it approached him,
The larger still it grew ;
Again he seized his hunting horn,
And his gasping breath he drew.

21.

Eye, cheek, and throat distended,
Each fibre strain'd to blow,
His life-breath past in that bugle blast,
And he fell from the saddle bow.

22.

In mockery through the woodlands,
His spirit to deride,
Echo thrice repeated
The strain by which he died.

23.

His corse was found on the reeking ground,
At every pore it bled ;
The spectre disappearing
Gave a halloo as he fled.

24.

Where that Baron's days were ended,
There they laid his bones to rot,
And his heirs in after ages
Built a chapel on the spot.



THE DEAD HUNTER.

1.

His sire from the desert, his dam from the north,
The pride of my stable stept gallantly forth,
One slip in his scudle as the scurry he led,
And my steed, ere his rivals o'ertook him, lay dead.

2.

Poor steed! shall thy limbs on the hunting field lie,
That his beak in thy carcase the raven may dye?
Is it thine the sad doom of thy race to fulfil,
Thy flesh to the cawdren, thy bones to the mill?

3.

Ah! no.—I beheld thee a foal yet unshod,
Now race round the paddock, now roll on the sod;
Where first thy young hoof the green herbage impress'd,
There, the shoes on thy feet, will I lay thee to rest!

RIDING TO HOUNDS.

*No inconsiderate rashness, or vain appetite
Of false encountering formidable things :
But a true science of distinguishing*

MISS JAMESON.

When jealous horsemen, jostling side by side,
The pack unheeded, at each other ride ;
More glorious still the loftier fences deem,
And face the brook where widest flows the stream :
One breathless steed, when spurs no more avail,
Rolls o'er the cap, and hitches on the rail ;
One floundering lies—to watery ditch consigned,
While laughing school-boy leaves them both behind,
Pricks on his poney 'till the brush be won,
And bears away the honors of the run.
Thus rival dogs in furious combat close,
The bone forgotten whence the strife arose :
Some village cur secures the prize unseen,
And, while the mastiff's battle, picks it clean.



THE RAVEN AND THE ROOKS;

A FABLE.

As Ralph, a gloomy bird of prey,
Homeward winged his weary way,
The carcass of a steed, glad sight
To hungry raven, checked his flight.
Now hovering o'er, now circling nigh,
He perch'd upon a stone hard by.
The limbs, outstretched upon the heath,
Still warm, betrayed a recent death ;
For gaping fence and turf' upheast
Told where the chase had lately pass'd.

As prying rooks on every side
The prostrate brute with wonder ey'd,
The Raven, greeting with a creak
The gathering crowd, thus gravely spake :
" Behold how far, my feather'd friends,
" The tyranny of man extends !
" Yon steed ! alas his gauded side
" Too truly tells the death he died.

" Ignoble fate ! e're close of day,
" His body shall be dragged away.
" Forgotten now each glorious run,
" Each leap he leapt, each match he won.
" No honors to his memory paid,
" His skin consign'd to tanner's blade,
" To hungry hounds his carcase thrown,
" 'Tis thus man's gratitude is shown !"

As thus his audience he addressed,
And anger ruffled every breast,
Three beings of that race accurst
The winged mob in air dispersed.
They came, but not as Ralph had said,
With steel and knife to flay the dead ;
They came with mattock and with spade
To exercise the sexton's trade,
And bury there with honors due
A gallant steed that died so true.
The raven hovering o'er it eyed
The yawning chasm deep and wide,
Again addressed the sable crowd
And thus his sentiments avowed.

" While man infests the earth below,
" Destruction waits on every crow ;
" The cruelty that marks each deed
" His malice only can exceed.
" Yon steed, whose well-conditioned flesh
" For stoutest beak is yet too fresh,
" Might many a bird from famine save,
" Behold he hides him in a grave !



THE BARREL OF THE MONSTER

" A grave, where curse on mortal hate
" Nor beak nor claw may penetrate;
" Food meant for birds that skim the heaven
" To earth-worms like himself is given."

Descending from the upper sky,
An aged rook thus answered reply :—
" Your argument is well expressed,
" But why, Sir Ralph, to us address ?
" Let raven beaks feed carrion tear,
" We rooks abhor such nauseous fare ;
" And, thanks to man, yon buried steed
" Shall fatten worms on which we feed."

Urged by self-interest the same,
'Tis thus our demagogues declaim
And while to mobs they talk of freedom
From selfish motives still mislead 'em.
Alike all measures they condemn
Save that which gives a place to them.

THE FOX AND THE BRAMBLES;

A FABLE.

Intrest in keeping corn and cheese up,
Though farmers cannot study Esop,
Their intellects no doubt are able
To comprehend a modern fable.

Before the pack for many a mile
A fox had sped in gallant style ;
But gasping with fatigue at last,
The clamorous hounds approach'd him fast.
Though painful now the toilsome race,
With druggled brush and stealthy pace
Still onward for his life he flies—
He nears the wood—before him lies
A tangled mass of thorn and bramble ;
In vain beneath he tries to scramble,
So springing, heedless of his skin,
With desperate bound he leaps within.
The prickly thicket o'er him closes ;
To him it seemed a bed of roses,



As there he lay and heard around
The baying of the baffled hound.
Within that bush, his fears allayed,
He many a sage reflection made.
" 'Tis true, whene'er I stir," he cried,
" The brambles wound my bleeding side,
" But he who seeks may seek in vain
" For perfect bliss : then why complain ?
" Since, mingled in one current, flow
" Good and evil, joy and woe :
" Oh ! let me still with patience bear
" The evil, for the good that's there.
" Howe'er unpleasant this retreat,
" Yet every bitter has its sweet ;
" The brambles pierce my skin no doubt,
" The hounds had torn my entrails out."

Attend, ye farmers, to the tale,
And, while ye mend the broken rail,
Reflect with pleasure on a sport
That lures your landlord from the court,
To dwell and spend his rents among
The country folk from whom they sprung.
And should his steed with trampling feet
Be urged across your tender wheat,
That steed, perchance, by you was bred,
And your's the corn on which he's fed.
Ah ! then, restrain your rising ire,
Nor rashly damn the Hunting Squire.

INSCRIPTION

ON A GARDEN SEAT FORMED FROM THE
BONES OF AN OLD RACER.

1.

Still tho' bereft of speed,
Compell'd to carry weight;
Alas ! unhappy steed,
Death cannot change thy fate.

2.

Upon the turf still ridden,
Denied a grave below,
Thy weary bones forbidden
The rest that they bestow.



NOTES.

NOTE I.

New hark to the old out-and-outer—P. 1.

THE Weths lived for six and thirty years under different managers of the Bedfordshire hounds, during twenty-four of which he hunted them himself. He has had several bad falls, and besides a fracture of one of his ribs, has broken his collar bone seven times. — From Bedfordshire he came to his present master, Mr. Wickes &c, and has lived with him since he first commenced to keep hounds in 1824.

NOTE II.

The Ficar, the Squire, or the Major—P. 3.

The Rev. Henry Tomkinson, Vicar of Eversham; James Tomkinson, Esq. of Bedford, and Major Tomkinson, of The Willingtons.

NOTE III.

There's Ford to whom care of the game—P. 3.

Appointing to a committee of three gentlemen who kindly consented to undertake the superintendence of the game covers belonging to the Cheshire Hunt, one of which committee Mr. Ford is an active member.

NOTE IV.

While I've health to go hunting with Charley—P. 3.

It always appears to be Mr. Wickes's chief anxiety in the field to show his friends a day's sport, and his greatest delight to feel that all have shared in the diversion, which none can more keenly enjoy than himself.

NOTE V.

Our glass a quoniam—P. 5.

A quoniam is the name given to the drinking glasses occasionally used at the Turpokey Hunt Meeting, and on which the above quotation from Horace is inscribed.

NOTE VI.

He rides you may never in a collar of green—P. 8.

A green collar on the scarlet hussar's coat is the uniform worn by the members of the Turperry Hunt.

NOTE VII.

Once more a slow hello from old Gutter Lane—P. 9.

A gerse cover belonging to Sir Philip Egerton, formerly in great repute, but which of late years had never held a fox. The run mentioned in the song took place on the 10th of February, 1832.

NOTE VIII.

The Willington mare—P. 9.

The property of Major Tomkynson, of the Willingtons. She was staked during the run, and died the next day.

NOTE IX.

To see the Black Squire how he rode the black mare—P. 10.

The Rev. James Tomkynson.

NOTE X.

Has Delamere went, it were useless to tell—P. 10.

Lord Delamere.

NOTE XI.

The odds are in fighting that Britain beats France—P. 10.

Mr. Britain, of Chester. Mr. France, of Bostock Hall.

NOTE XII.

Little Ireland kept up by his comrades the nation—P. 10.

Mr. Ireland Blackburne, of Hald.

NOTE XIII.

The Maiden who rides like a man—P. 10.

Joe Madden, the huntsman.

NOTE XIV.

In the pride of his heart, then the Manager cried—P. 11.

Sir H. Mainwaring, under whose superintendence the Cheshire hounds have attained their present perfection.

NOTE XV.

Come an little Rooley—P. 11.

Mr. Warburton.

NOTE XVI.

The Baron from Haverford followed when sleeping—P. 11.

Baron Haver, a Minorcan, but long distinguished as an officer in the English service. His hunting accident, and miraculous escape from a lion in the East Indies, are well known :—

By the king of the forest, out hunting one day,
The Baron was captur'd and carried away ;
The king in his turn by the beast was best,
On the Baron had been but a *Baronnet*.

NOTE XVII.

Oh where and oh where was the Wistaston stand—P. 11.

The property of Mr. Hammond, of Wistaston.

NOTE XVIII.

The Centric charred—P. 11.

The property of Sir Philip Egerton.

NOTE XIX.

Where were we (Dolysk) where the name from De'enharn—P. 11.

"Dolysk" belonging to Mr. Ford, and the "*Race*" to Mr. James Trenchard, of Donalston, were each ridden by their owners.

NOTE XX.

Brown forest of Mara! whose bounds were of yore,

From Kildorran's Castle extended to the shore—P. 12.

"The district extending from the Parks of the Marquis to the South boundary of the New Forest, which included in the Forest of Mara, whilst that of Mandrem stretched in the direction of Nantwich."

"It appears from Domesday, that the attention of the Earls of Chester, in the early of the reigns of the time, had been directed at that early period to forming charters for their domains. The Earl's Forest is noted in several instances, and it likewise appears that it was not only formed of lands then forest waste, but that several villis had been surrendered from the express purpose of adding to its limits."—*Annals of the History of Cheshire*, vol. ii. p. 50

NOTE XXI.

The Knight defied his arms, the Abbot his head—P. 12.

In the time of Henry III. among a list of trespassers occurs the following note :—"Abbas Ceste treit unum charum in Marlede Greston et de rept duna Hamas."—The considerable families of Edisbury were as refractory as the Abbots.

Another greatment occurs in the reign of Edward II. of twelve individuals, who hunted "with hounds and horns" on the Sunday before the Feast of St. Thomas, destroyed the deer, and finally joined in an affray with Thomas de Warenne, and John Bradley, keepers. In this greatment are contained the names of Robert de Wintonston, Richard Sawrey, John de Aldington, Richard, son of Henry Dene, David Dene, and Richard de Merton.—*General*, vol. ii. p. 23.

NOTE XXII.

In right of his hagle and grophounds to arise—P. 14.

The Master-Forestship of the whole was conferred by Randle I. in the twelfth century, on Ralph de Knapley, to hold the same by tenure of a horn.—*General*, vol. ii. p. 60.

Amongst the list of claims asserted by the Master-Forester, are the following:—

"And claymeth to have the latter pargage in the said Forest, and claymeth to have windhillan wood " " " "

"He claymeth to have all money for apointment of hags within the said Forest " " " "

"And as to wapte, he claymeth to have every wapte and stray beest a. his own, after proclamation shall be made and not challenged, as the manner is."—*General*, vol. ii. p. 22.

NOTE XXIII.

Whence his lige lord chas a hunting to ride—P. 14.

Cheshire tradition asserts that the ancient foresters were bound to meet the lord, and attend in their attire with two white grophounds, whenever the Lord was disposed to honour the Forest of Delamere with his presence in the chase.—*General*, vol. p. 22.

NOTE XXIV.

It passed from their lips to the mouth of a Dene—P. 14.

The Dene of Delamere succeeded the Kings and Lord-Foresters. On the termination of this line, in 1715, the Forestership passed to Richard Ardenne, and through him to the present Master-Forester and Gentleman of Delamere, Lord Alvanley.

NOTE XXV.

Three Polaris prophesit ultas fore Ferrera—P. 15.

Robert Nixon was born in the parish of Over. His birth of circumstantial, says *General*. "has been assigned to the time of Edward the

Fourth, but a second story also exists, which also refers to the time of James the First, and is palpably false, inasmuch as the supposed prophecies were to be fulfilled at an antecedent period.

"He heard to have dreamed the Boy of water, 14, took King in Cheslap, the result of the death of Bonarthy, was recovering from sudden vapors, with which he was seized while engaged in fighting in Lowthershire, and to have been sent to the Court shortly afterwards, when he was charged, as to give his own expression of prophecy to the English heralds, in a manner which he himself had predicted."

NOTE XXVI.

A foot with two heels and a hand with three thumbs—P. 13.

Amongst the prophecies of Nixen are the following:—

"There shall be a miller named Peter,

"With two heels on one foot," " "

"A boy shall be born with three thumbs on one hand,

"Who shall hold three King's horses,

"Whilst England is three times won and lost in one day,

"But after this shall be happy days."

"Twenty hundred horses shall want masters,

"Till their glands rot under their bellies."

NOTE XXVII.

Here hunted the Scot whom too late to show flight—P. 15.

King James' descent on the Forest of Biddamere, when returning from Scotland, is thus described in *Weld's History*:—

"Making the house here four days his royal court, he solaced himself and took pleasing entertainment in his sports in the forest. " " "

And where his Majesty, the day following, had such successful pleasure in the hunting of his own hounds, as he took the English and his own hounds to the house, and dined with the keepers, and his hounds the attendants, of the particular woods with speed, and to question them whether they ever saw or heard of the like expedition, and the performance of hounds well hunting."

NOTE XXVIII.

'For Blarney and Winton taught for hounds to sherry—P. 16.

For an account of the race near Northmarket Corner between Blarney, Winton, and two hounds belonging to Mr. Meynell, for the hundred guineas, see *Daniel's Rural Sports*, vol. i. p. 133.

NOTE XXIX.

Behold in the soil of our forest once more—P. 16.

By the Act of Parliament for the enclosure of Delamere Forest, passed in 1812, one moiety of the whole was allotted to the crown at the King, to be kept under the direction of the Surveyor General of Woods and Forests, as a nursery for timber only.

NOTE XXX.

Where 'twas the wholebeast the wildest cut down—P. 17.

Maria Hallingworth, a German by birth, the widow of an English soldier. Near two ribs of a whale which stood on Delamere Forest, she constructed for herself a hut, and resided there during several years.

NOTE XXXI.

Sore at the Swan—P. 18.

The Swan is the name of the inn at which the Hunt Meeting is held.

NOTE XXXII.

France has to rue—P. 19.

The Blk-headed Stakes at Furzeley have for the last ten years, with but two exceptions, been won by Mr. France, of Bostock.

NOTE XXXIII.

"Shades of Sir Peter and Barry look down."—P. 20.

At one end of the dining room at Furzeley, is hung a portrait of the Hon. J. S. Barry, and at the other, one of the Lte Gen. Peter Warburton, by Brecksp.

NOTE XXXIV.

At Bedford, a Glister, is left no pasture—P. 21.

Bedford, Glister, Nelson, and Victory, are the names of bounds on the Cheshire heath.

NOTE XXXV.

Mine be the warfare unswayed with guile—P. 22.

"Image of war without its guile."—SCOTLAND.

NOTE XXXVI.

Gilpin's uproot me the laurels, I scorn—P. 23.

Mr. Gilpin, the author of "Practical Hints on Landscape Gardening," in which he justly censures the practice of disfiguring the noble scenery of a park or a natural wood by the introduction of exotics.

NOTE XXXVII.

Delish to the land where this evergreen grows—P. 24.

"This plant is only to be found in temperate climates. Provence is its

boundary to the South, and it reaches neither Sweden nor Dacia towards the North. Laurens mounted that he could hardly procure it alive in a green house, and he says in it in many parts of Germany, that Dillieses, their botanist, was in particular when he had visited England, and saw one common, covered with the gay flowers of the hawthorn.—*Philop's Sylva Florifera*.

NOTE XXXVIII.

The Spectre Stag—P. 22.

The subject of the ballad is taken from a collection of German traditions in French, thus entitled "*La Chapelle de la Forêt*."

The tale of a forest phantom, usually designated as *Der Geist*, in the Prologue to his translation of the *Wald Jäger*, is universally believed in Germany. This phantom has often been the subject of poetry, but the first catastrophe to the Hunter's hunting career, thus described in the legend, I do not recollect to have seen mentioned elsewhere:—

"*Tu n'es le chasseur ni d'un cerf ni d'un bœuf, tu n'es d'aucun pour appeler un cerf, tu n'es le fils ni d'une telle femme que les chiens se croient, et les chiens sont de sa race.* Ses chiens dans la forêt t'ont vu et ont vu une chapelle où ils faisaient un bénéfice.

NOTE XXXIX.

"*On the stag he would have slaughtered,
Was his naked body bound.*"—P. 22.

The ghost of another *chasseur*, whose history is given in the same collection, makes the following confession:—

"*J'ai fait en hunter et en cerf une descente plus de cent des malheureux les cerfiers, les faisant passer par mes chiens jusqu'à ce qu'ils tombaient quelque part, et que les malheureux qu'ils portaient rendit l'âme au milieu des tourments.*"

NOTE XL.

"*One slip in his stride as the cherry he led.*"—P. 23.

The useful trap, or even a trap catching the hind legs, is sometimes the cause of a broken back; and the horse seldom survives the accident more than a few minutes.

NOTE XLI.

"*Bells o'er a cop and hitches on a rail.*"—P. 24.

"*Slides into verse and hitches in a rhyme.*"—*Para.*

